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THE BRAVE OLD OAK,  
Song.

The Poetry by

E. F. Chorley, Esq.<sup>sr</sup>

THE MUSIC

BY

EDWARD J. LODER.

*Author of the Opera of, Nourjahad &c.*

*Ent. Sm. Hall.*

*Price 2<sup>d</sup>*

LONDON,

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## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

The Words by H. F. Chorley.

The Music by E. I. Loder.

WITH BOLDNESS  
AND ANIMATION.

The first system of music is a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth-note chords, while the bass staff provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

The second system continues the piano introduction. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano).

The third system contains the first line of the vocal melody. The treble staff has the melody, and the bass staff has the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "A song for the Oak the brave old Oak, Who hath ruld in the green-wood long, Here's health and re\_nown to his".

The fourth system contains the second line of the vocal melody. The treble staff has the melody, and the bass staff has the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "broad green crown, And his fif\_ty arms so strong! There's".

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fear in his frown, When the Sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades

out, And he sheweth his might, On a wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches

*ad lib.*  
*ritard*

shout. Then sing to the Oak the brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a -

*pp* *a tempo.*  
*pp* *a tempo.*

lone And still flourish he, A hale green tree; When a hundred years are

*Cres.* *f*  
*mf*

gone.

*ff* *p* *ff*

In the days of old, When the spring with gold, Was light-ing his branches

grey, Through the grass at his feet, crept maid-ens sweet, To

gather the dew of May; And all that day to the

*Più lento.*  
re-beck gay, They frolicked with love-some swains, They are



gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid, But the tree He still re -

*ad lib:* 5

*f* *ritard.*

*pp* *a tempo.*

mañs: Then sing to the Oak, The brave old Oak, Who

stands in his pride a - lone, And still flourish he, a

hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

*mf* *f* *ff* *p* *ff*

He saw the rare times, when the christmas chimes, were a merry sound to

hear, And the Squires wide hall, and the Cot-tage small, were

full of good English cheer; Now Gold hath the sway we

all o-bey, And a ruth-less king is he; But he

*ad lib:*

never shall send, our ancient friend To be tossed on the stormy

*ritard.*

*pp*

sea Then here's to the Oak, The brave old Oak, Who

*pp a tempo.*

stands in his pride a - lone, And still flourish he, A

hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

*mf* *f* *ff*

*p*

